

OBSERVATIONS,  
COMPLAINTS,  
AND INVESTIGATIONS

BOOK ONE

SPRING  
~~SUMMER~~  
2014

H-165



# OBSERVATIONS, COMPLAINTS, AND INVESTIGATIONS

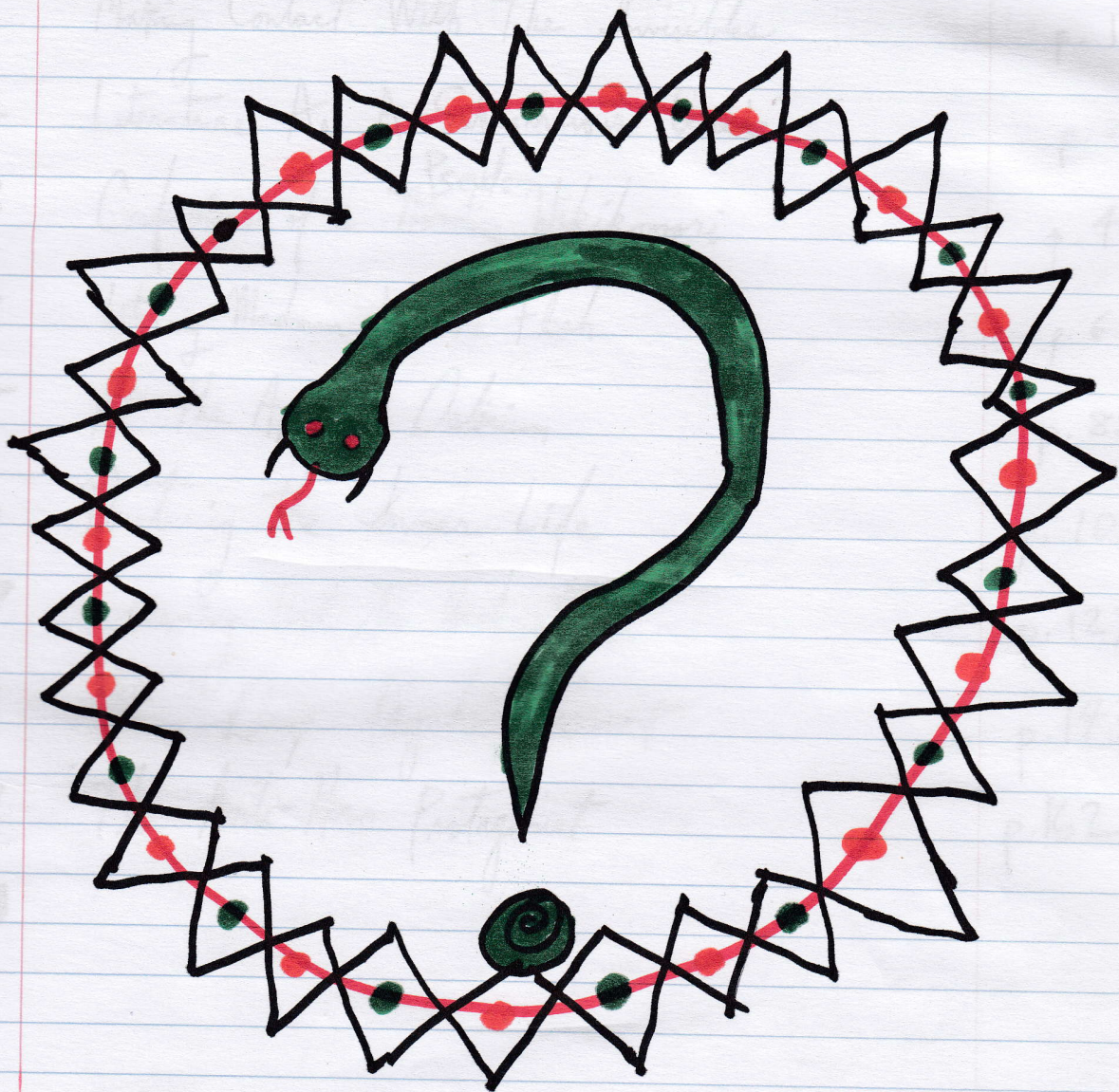
## ~~BOOK ONE~~

A Philosophical Autobiography  
by Michael William Hentrich

Spring / ~~Summer~~ 2014



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## MAKING CONTACT WITH THE INVISIBLES

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Ø

Here I sit alone in an apartment of a complex that is so ~~so~~ quiet as to be oppressive. What could it be that keeps the tenants so quiet if not for a fear so thick such that it suffocates?

I am "in the process" of ceasing to imbibe alcohol as, when I need to reside at my mother's, I will want to abstain 100%. With no more laundry to be done and a bunch of quarters scattered about, I realize I have enough loose change to become inebriated, and I feel slight fear.

If I ~~go~~ allow myself a walk outdoors in order to capture a glimpse of this mood, where does it lead - perhaps to an evening out in very thin woods with a very cold front approaching. What is the price I will pay for warmth and ~~and~~ comfort?

Ø

So I ventured down to WW and handed over my loose change for a pint of FIREBALL. Why do I write down such atrocious confessions? Why should something so seemingly harmless fill me with such dread?

"One thing I can tell you is you gotta be free."



2014.03.24 Monday

Morning terrors? Fear? Anxiety?

Was I walking around the parking lot, with my brown box connected to what I recorded while I drinking in the woods?

Yes I was. I fully understood why I am planning to move out of here by the end of the week. Do I understand why I want to restrain myself from imbibing alcohol?

Maybe I will rest in the bathtub to try to calm my nerves. Then I will consider going over to the apartment management office to notify them that I plan on handing in the key by the end of the week.

For whatever reasons, living here would lead to trouble for me. Why I act out here may be a response to a protest against the oppressive ambience of the place. I am more comfortable in my mother's company because she validates me. I will respect her demand I remain sober or else I will be seriously disappointed in myself.

~~The confession~~

The confessional mood becomes a philosophical meditation, evidence of suffering from a limitless anxiety. After a night of tossing and turning, after a morning bath and shit, my mind is ripe for laying naked in bed in sunbeams reading I Ching.



"There are experiences and obsessions which one cannot live. Isn't ~~the~~ it then, salvation to confess them? ... To be lyrical means you cannot stay closed up inside yourself. The need to externalize is the more intense, the more the lyricism is interiorized, profound, and concentrated ... The deepest subjective experiences are also the most universal, because through them one reaches the original source of life." ~ Cioran

There is a great feeling of revenge or vengeance in refusing to be burdened with anxiety, by not even troubling myself to make breakfast - just to sit, or lay down altogether, in sunbeams not concerned about the approaching "exodus", just resting, thinking ... waiting to shit.

To refuse to feel guilt, sin, and blame!

To reject conscience and bad faith ... scorn "the world," detach from "the world" ... experience temporary victory. It may be anxiety, that peculiar type of fear, which compels or drives one to seek release in alcoholic delirium. Forbidden pleasure: laying with blanket ... napping before noon!

There need not be any shame in reaping the enjoyment of not wanting anything but to be left alone to rest in sunbeams!



Ø

Spending the entire morning in bed (in sunbeams) was so delightful that it had to be a great sin. Fortunately there is no Heaven or Hell. Our ancestors join I here with me. They will help us through this machine madness.

That sinful rest helped me to "center" myself, meaning, my mind is ripe for walking and contemplating.

"solitary walks - extremely fertile and dangerous at the same time, for the inner life - must take place in such a way that nothing will obscure the solitary's meditation or man's isolation in the world."

"To achieve spirituality, one must be very lonely." (Cioran)

Ø

Communicating with Kathy ~~Huttman~~ had a calming effect on me. She doesn't think I should isolate myself in some shack on a farm in Farmingdale. Then I could meander into town to converse with other unfortunates who ~~was~~ were also accidentally born into this world.

©

2014.03.25 Tuesday I throw some more junk away, including the "spider's web" as I prepare for my personal exodus out of Baick. I am surprisingly excited, with butterflies and everything. What is there for me to do? I am I bored with Schopenhauer?





2014. 03.26 Wednesday As this creature comes to consciousness, it wonders if there is such a thing as a "self". The subjective knowing being tells itself, "Be calm. Do not be anxious or overwhelmed." #

I guess I will be relieved to be out of this apartment. Maybe I talk to myself out loud so frequently (as well as reading out loud) as some kind of reaction to this sensation that I am being "listened to". Also, drinking alcohol will not be an option when staying with my mother. This may explain my recent indulgences.

I can't predict the future. I have very little to lose, but rental assistance is important unless I am willing to (1) destroy all my notebooks (2) cease writing "diaries".

Ø

What to do this last day at Vlt before I rent the van and haul belongings off the premises? Make a recording outdoors.

Ø

Upon awakening after an afternoon nap, experiencing the utter quietness of this complex, I see that leaving here may be viewed as a good thing. Also, while cooking, the entire fan/light fixture above the stove came loose: cheap screws holding it into cheap wood. This so-called "beautiful" apartment is an illusion!



Ø  
I am relieved to have gotten stuff out of that apartment. I had fallen into a rut in Brick, a routine ~~that~~ where I ended up finding refuge in that little patch of woods where I would drink and sing.

I was glad to have met the Hindus from Wing World (and 7-11, especially Wing World (Jay & Saal & even Rahul) and Ezeria?

I was glad to have met Chantell, the Snake Man, "Angelica" (KNOCK OUT!), and some young woman who knew my name (but I do not know hers) who I was saying hello to me.

I wonder if I will ever see Tina Patel again.

Maybe one day Mom can drop me off at the Barney & Noble, and then I can walk over to see her.

Regardless, I am very relieved to be out of that apartment complex and that general vicinity. I felt like everyone "knew of me" as that crazy man who sings and talks to himself.

Still, I can't help but sense that I left some kind of impression on people's psyches.

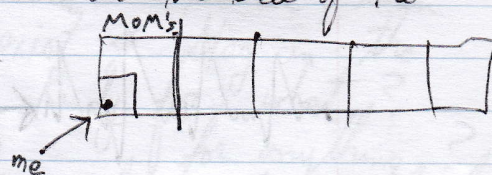


Ø

9

A little corner in a little corner room... a chair, a lamp, pillows, some books... a cat on a pillow - a pillow I gave her so she might not mind me moving her off the chair under the lamp so that I might write or read...

Comfortable in a little corner on the side of the domicile where no one can turn, I can hide in a corner.



I have my clock radio set to 99.5 FM WBAI and carefully turned in. The cat sleeps peacefully. I guess I can sleep on the floor, on blankets, on pillows.

Sanctuary... Asylum... I am not tempted to imbibe alcohol. I'm glad I let the demons loose in Brick, in that patch of trees.

My mother's computer has access to the Internet, but I do not bother. I am content reading Ligotti's Teatro Brotesco. I'm not really in a rush to replace my cell phone now that I am staying with my mother. She's the one I talk to... exclusively. I wonder if Tina has tried to call me.

I am very glad to have left Victorian Gardens... mostly because I did not like police called on me.



51  
I have really have developed licentia vatum - the  
license of the poet, where the literary investigations  
I am engaged in really are of far & greater  
importance (for my <sup>EIGENWELT</sup>) than  
participating in "psychoanalytic sessions"  
with a therapist or having to sit  
through Twelve Step Meetings against my will.

This character is in his own little world.  
It is not much of a stretch of the imagination to  
IMAGINE some NON-human and invisible  
intelligences, "making contact" with you as they  
did with Doctor Faustus in the legend, by  
Christopher Marlowe, and as most likely  
occurred within the inner subjective realm  
of Marlowe himself.

It is said that H.P. Lovecraft may have  
been xenophobic as his wife says he was  
creeped out when he had to venture into  
a city. I am fascinated with the character,  
Charles Dexter Ward, the autodidactic scholar.  
For whatever reasons I had never been drawn to  
either Lovecraft or Poe until I discovered Ligotti's  
The Conspiracy Against The Human Race wherein Ligotti  
totally validates my philosophical interests,  
namely my obsession with Schopenhauer and  
Cioran and my slight disregard of Nietzsche.  
Now, at 11AM, with my mother out at church,  
I figure reckon I'll fix me some eggs and  
sausage sandwiches. The Creature must eat.



Ø

Where I live, temporarily (at my mother's in the corner of a corner room) I:



→ ACTUALLY →



← my ZONE

Like the cat, I nap frequently. When I wake from a nap, I brew strong coffee and continue reading, kind of like a JAIL BIRD, but I am permitted to walk outdoors for a smoke.

Also, I truly appreciate access to the "Barnes and Noble" bookseller. They just happened to have Lovecraft, Poe, and PKD EXEGESIS at bargain prices so that the meat and crux of my current literary investigations was had for a small price, less than \$25 for three huge volumes!

Reading through The Exegesis of PKD helps me go with the flow of my own diary entries and my own day-to-day existence. The only reason I will look for a residence in Monmouth County is to secure rental assistance. It's not easy to acquire.

There has to be somewhere my mother would not be afraid to visit. Now that I've experienced "Freehold Boro" I am not at all "homesick".

Truthfully, I can't think of anywhere in Ocean or Monmouth County of New Jersey I would "LIKE" to live.



91  
How about close to a farmer's market?  
How about close to a park? Close to some  
woods and trails? Away from traffic!

Places like Lincoln or Colts Neck or Middletown  
do not have "low income housing." They simply  
do not accommodate those I who I own  
no capital. These are areas for the  
"monied." It's a shame I don't know anyone  
with ~~a~~ a garage apartment. Even if I did,  
without a motor vehicle, it's just not practical  
for me to live "in the sticks".

Red Bank is a city I might reconsider. There  
is a theater there my mother would enjoy  
visiting. I could always take a bus into Freehold.  
I could even bus it to Brookdale Community College  
for some bizarre course or to learn Spanish.  
Culinary Arts?

I could take a train to Spring Lake or to Point  
Pleasant where I could meet my mother. I could hang  
out at the library. Who knows? I might  
meet some radical intellectual women who inherited  
a home ~~where~~ who I would visit but not marry.

Until then, I am content during this extended  
visit with my mother. In fact, I am enjoying  
the natural affection we have for each  
other. She knows me and ACCEPTS me, as I do her.



## LITERATURE AS A SUBCONSCIOUS GUIDE

Ø

"exegesis" → explanation or interpretation of Scripture.

In PKD's case, exegesis implies he is trying to explain the voices in his head. PKD died in 1982, about the time my world seemed to be falling apart even though I was attending Christian Brothers Academy. My nephew was born in 1982, the year PKD died. Since then, no fewer than 10 films have been based on his work.

PKD wrestled with the nature of PERCEPTION, as did Schopenhauer and Husserl. Science-fiction became the unlikely vehicle for PKD's philosophical questions.

Perhaps I will "interact" with The Exegesis of Philip K Dick's as a madman. When I was a teenager, I held madmen in a high regard. I turned out to be exactly what I aspired to be and these "diaries of a madman" are merely the tip of the iceberg!

Who would have the time or the motivation to explore this huge text, besides those like myself who are not mired down with career, marriage, or raising children?

Detaching from message boards, totally in contempt of Facebook, Twitter, and other social networking sites places me in an obscure orbit. I'm not impressed with those who become "successful businessmen".





2014.03.31 Monday

The IT (Freud's id) may be the Kantian  
THING-IN-ITSELF; if so, may this will defy the god-forsaken  
"Superego" which is merely the tyranny of public  
opinion. Living on the I dole certainly is a lifestyle  
choice, but one must discover a way to  
resist being coerced into some god-damn day program  
where one is subjected to humiliation and  
denigration while at the mercy of paternalistic  
"mental health associates" who fancy they have  
found a career in BEHAVIORAL HEALTH CARE.  
Maybe by the end of the summer venture to  
get a copy of the continuation of Anti-Oedipus,  
which is A Thousand Plateaus.

It's some very BRAINY STUFF, but it is  
good to have a mental arsenal when one  
may, at any moment, be face to face with  
a representative of the PHARMACRACY!

Already I am wary of this Dr So ...

When he tells me I am "all talk, no action," he is  
attempting to undermine my confidence. He wants me  
to view myself as a failure.

Why I write in private notebooks rather than post  
on "Facebook": because I am fighting against the  
tendency we have to project images of  
ourselves as "righteous." There is so much  
INAUTHENTICITY in the world of jobs and romantic  
relationships. Who says how they really think?



How honest is one willing to be?

What made Salinger's Catcher in the Rye so appealing to me was the protagonist's hatred of phonies.

In a society where people brag about how "hard" they work, it takes courage and confidence to be a shameless dead beat! One must be prepared to be judged harshly by the martyrs.

I depend on grocery stores, slaughter-houses, farms, the poor who slave away on slaughter-houses and farms, those who stock shelves, those who load and drive 18-wheelers, doctors and nurses for emergencies, migrant workers who pick coffee beans and produce, et cetera.

Am I able to reach a level of awareness where I can be a shameless dead beat who is up front about his desire to just lay around reading books, thinking, eating food, smoking tobacco?

Am I touching upon Kafka's The Metamorphosis in a direct and brutally honest manner?

Do I harbor ANTI-SOCIAL attitudes?

Why must so many play roles so as to avoid seeing things as they are? Is it so wrong to point out the innate tendency to avoid labor and seek food, shelter, and clothing?



Ø

Obstacles to employment: (1) I sleep irregularly, i.e., I sleep when I'm sleepy, not according to a schedule. This makes me (2) unreliable and undependable and downright (3) unpredictable.

It's not about intelligence or skills. It's an insurrection, a total refusal to conform to the demands of industrialization, to submit to "wage-slavery."

I am sure to go against the grain with these pronouncements.

Like Ignatius Reilly, I refuse to act like I want to "rise into the middle class" through "hard work."

I prefer to waste away in AMBITIONLESS PEACE.

I just don't give a shit and I am not impressed with "material success". What I like to do is take NAPS. I enjoy dozing off. This is what I really enjoy: DETACHING FROM WORRIES, scorning all the suckers who choose money over leisure, and embracing USELESSNESS, NOTHINGNESS, AMBITIONLESSNESS... staring into the abyss and finding peace there.

To have forsaken the world of jobs, careers, owning a motor vehicle, owning a house, being married, "having" children, I really do live the life of the HOLY FOOL. No possessions - except some books and lots of notes. And what do I ponder as I lie down on the floor to NAP? I observe the Great Unconscious.



Ø

Talk about FORBIDDEN THOUGHTS!

Talk about MINDCRIME!

How much more forbidden than declaring once and for all that one does not want a job or a career or a profession? It's more forbidden than a woman declaring she doesn't want any children (but still I want HOT SEX)!

No wonder the writer who prides himself/herself on brutal honesty and introspective awareness openly HATES inauthenticity and BAD FAITH.

Who shall be a student of Cioran?

Who shall only write down the things he/she is afraid to tell anyone else?

Writing as Confession.

Writing, not to impress a future audience, but to shock, bite, and sting a future audience.  
(to BITE & STING yourself)

It is difficult to shock, bite, and sting such a decadent species; hence, it is enough if the writer can shock, bite, and sting himself (or herself) in discovering how one REALLY feels, what one REALLY thinks.

Create an ANTI-HERO based on the shadowy creature who is viewed by society as an X-MENTAL patient who mocks "the sane"



Ø

Some writers are best read after waking up from a deliciously sinful afternoon nap, while drinking a strong mug of coffee and smoking a cigarette. It is in that hypnogogic, somewhat antisocial, state of mind when one is prepared for Armand, when one feels like an alienated adolescent who questions why he must register with the selective service or else face criminal charges, when one is at that page when one feels one is being fed to a machine designed to eat spirit and transform it into energy.

Choose your sides! Will you write for the insider, or for the outsider? Will you write to impress high society and the bling-bling "cool crowd" or will you write from the perspective of the so-called "loser" and outcaste?

Ø

~~What~~ What does it mean to be a "free spirit"?

This is not a trick question. Does a free spirit become a "responsible adult"?

It's a rhetorical question.

Ø

In a time with so much unemployment, outsourcing, redundant jobs in redundant malls, and corporate fascism, being an unemployable ex-mental patient super-genius is more than just a lifestyle choice. It's a survival skill!



It is important for me to nurture a healthy disdain for the values of mainstream society where people are praised for living as mindless robots working in a bomb factory, marching in sync as a trained soldier, or being an entrepreneur of a company...

Literature as a Subconscious Guide: A Confederacy of Dunces. Ignatius Reilly wants to live in ambitionless peace. He lives with his mother, Agnes, in a tiny house holed up in a small room. His mother pesters him to find work, says he's wasting all that "education".

Keeping things in perspective: I am the anti-hero of a story about an ex-mental patient who mocks "the sane". I am most likely also a "super genius" like Willy E Coyote, I who happens to be a cartoon character. I am flesh and blood and bones and a <sup>bundle of</sup> NERVES.

This morning I am to drive mother into Lakewood to get tax collector to fill out Form PTR-1A. This is my life. No problem. Fry eggs. I feel appropriately humble and am not at all bitter.

As I write this, standing up in the tiny kitchen, frying eggs, bread in toaster, the Mother ~~comes~~ sees me, and says, "Michael, what are you doing?! What do you write about all the time? You're like the absent minded professor!"  
"I am NOT absent minded," I reply.



(evidence of)

This ability to do nothing useful may be, paradoxically, <sup>↑</sup> a great inner power.

What is the difference, to society, whether one sits stupefied in front of a television or surfing the Internet for like-minded "subversives" or becoming engrossed in obscure literature that has no "educational" purpose whatsoever?

When we say, "The devil chooses his philosophers with great care," what do we mean?

The Edgar Allen Poe story I read late last evening, Bon-Bon, seemed to suggest that Epicurus was Satan incarnate. Why? What does the archetype, Lucifer, represent?

Why is Doctor Faustus a hero?

Why are people diagnosed with psychiatric "disorders" coerced into "treatment" such as "outpatient day programs"?

What is it about "idle time" that is so sinful?

Come on, I say to myself, over in the UK the government is deriding all these draconian measures to force people "on government" relief into the work-force. They threateningly exclaim, "You will have nowhere to hide!" And so I seize the day. I don't want to conform to the lifestyle of THE WORKING POOR.



## Doctor Faustus as a Tragic Hero

A tragic hero is not an ordinary man but extraordinary. He is exceptional. Tragedy overcomes the extraordinary, where even the hero comes to ruin.

Zamyatin, author of We, acknowledges the biblical Lucifer as **HEROIC**.

At what point do citizens lose faith that in the notion that the authorities know what's best for them? Zamyatin was the epitome of an anti-establishment author.

In We, the citizens of the State would revolt if they felt the need, but instead the majority believes the regime to be legitimate. The State is secure from within.

Now, in our era of psychiatric diagnoses and mass surveillance, where everyone is watching everyone and reporting the "suspicious behavior" of neighbors and their own family members (teenagers beware), when one finds oneself in front of a psychiatrist or therapist, what is the point of discussing one's theories about the truths told through literature such as Ira Levine's This Perfect Day, Zamyatin's We, or even Pirsig's Liars? Perhaps the doctor or "mental health professional" is not quite as well-read as I am. Worse still, they might GET OFF on their POLICE FUNCTION.



14  
This is the penal colony of existence, after all. and I have stared into the abyss. I am most comfortable staying here with my mother. Her presence "protects me from my "self-destructive tendencies".

Existence is but a fleeting dream.

Over 20 years ago I read Kant to better understand my readings of Schopenhauer. Now I read Poe and Lovecraft to better understand Ligotti. Then there is Cioran. Then there is Artaud.

All these tortured writers will have an influence on my inner realm, my Eigenwelt. My wish is to nurture my imagination so that I might endure daily existence without resorting to oblivion.

I approach the weird fiction as a post-graduate studying literature in the hopes that some of the style of these geniuses might take root in my own inner voice so that my own meditations, reflections, observations, and complaints might be less redundant.

To realize that the time will come when this body is a corpse. Will it matter if anyone investigates my daily reflections? I guess I continue to write such notes is because it brings me some relief. I can go over previous days' notes to develop an inner dialog with deeper levels of my BEING. It is natural for me to value my bond with MY MOTHER.



{ 3 }

43

PSEUDO-

## CONFESSIONS OF A ~~NORDIE~~ HIKIKOMORI

Ø

Looking back at how many years I have been out of the work force - since 1998 → 16 years! - it is not stretching the terminology of hikikomori to see myself this way. The only difference is that, besides the times I like this when I am in between section 8 units, staying with my mother, I have been dependant upon the government rather than parents.

To be sure, there are millions of working poor who might judge me as a lazy, deadbeat parasite.

I can complete the square!

I can integrate and differentiate functions!

I have been exposed to higher mathematics!

I graduated with honors in 2002. You can empty trash cans!

Bachelor of Science: Computer Science -

What the fuck. Now what? Twelve years later.

I've been on SSD since 2005, almost an entire decade. What's going on? 47 years old.

Now I'm getting into WEIRD COSMIC HORROR?

Does reading literary works cultivate the ability to read the thoughts and feelings of others?  
(THEORY OF MIND)

The small but robust list of books on p. 14 may help me resist the Internet & television while I am at my mother's.



Ø  
"The idle apprehend more things, are deeper than the industrious: no task limits their horizon. born into an eternal Sunday, they watch - and watch themselves watching." ~ Cioran

Observing myself observing...

Ø  
To be on the bottom rungs of Industrial Society may be considered an honor, I guess.

Ø  
I was wondering why I would be reading this 930 page exegesis of PKD, but now I am beginning to get it. Terminology. The Black Iron Prison. Government agents as "soldiers in business suits" closing in on him in some kind of complex trap. Must I defeat the trap.

It's all pretty wacky. It is better than surfing Internet forums reading people hating on the "dead beat freeloaders, collecting disability for bullshit things like bipolar or anxiety".

How would I be able to read, study, think, and reflect if I were corralled into a job? I haven't held a steady job in over 10 years. I'm a Cioran disciple, a shameless work-dodger!



Ø

I can't expect to reach anyone out there. That I was able to make some kind of connection with a handful of individuals is enough. Now I begin anew.

With so much available "out there," especially on the Internet, I am glad just to be able to remain as focused as I do.

Still, knowing what I know about all the distractions on the Internet and the nature of the general interests of the majority of the population, I, of course, venture into my own orbit. There is no way I am going to attempt to reach out to the masses.

I will continue to jot things down as they occur to me, and I will reflect upon these observations as though they were the Holy Grail. No longer will I cover before psychiatrists or be made to feel I ~~have~~ <sup>am</sup> somehow NOT LIVING UP TO MY POTENTIAL.

When people demand, "You could BE somebody," you tell them, "I already AM somebody!"

Nothing need be done!

For the moment I am warm and dry. Cold rains fall outdoors. There is a nightmare of suffering in this world, and I am warm and dry. I am appropriately humble. Maybe I am finally writing just for myself... reading for my own stimulation.



Ø

I type "philosophical horror" into a search engine, and who appears? Thomas Ligotti!

- a reclusive literary cult figure
- writes "philosophical" novels with a "darker" undertone which is similar to gothic fiction.

Lovecraft's brand of horror: Man confronting the unknowable and going mad...

I've noticed how much more interesting existence is when I view BEING as a CREATURE in CREATION.

Etymology of "creature" - from the verb "create", referring to anything created (by nature).

The Greek word, "πλασμα" translated as plasma is the direct Greek equivalent to the word "creature".

plasma - a substance that is similar to gas but can carry electricity,

What has nature "created" in creating "the human creature"? It is a social animal.

personally OBSERVE the thoughts, moods, feelings, and behaviors of this creature I BE, and I even observe myself observing me.

What motivates me to "collect books" by specific authors? I am very particular about what I read.





2014.04.01 Tuesday The nations jails have become de facto mental health facilities. My notes and documentation on what actually happens as I well as notes from the Internet: PSYCHIATRIC POLICE STATE ... the police work with mental health professionals for social control.

How many "mentally ill" people are out there, and, more interestingly ~~interestingly~~ (late last night) what makes one mentally ill?

It is uncanny that I had been investigating the psychiatric police state, and this morning, on Democracy Now (WBAI 95FM), there is a report on the county jails being used as psychiatric wards.

I am not sure how I want to tackle this issue.

How many years have I just wanted to be left alone so I can drink coffee, smoke tobacco, scribble in my notebooks, and listen to the birds go tweet, tweet, tweet? Pirsig experienced what he called "lateral drifts."

There is an idiotic norm in our culture of frantic activity that ~~associate~~ stigmatize such contemplative natures as "LAZY," ANTI-SOCIAL, flaky, and an assortment of derogatory labels.

This explains why so many people are engaged in the futile activity known as a job search. This explains why someone like DL can look smugly down upon me for "not having a job"!



Let Cioran's theory take root in the Mind first thing in the morning:

"By all evidence, we are here in this world to do nothing."

If I have been observant and intensely contemplative for most of my life, of course I would reap the day to day rewards of having been so observant. Have I attained that state of AMBITIONLESS PEACE JK Toole hints at through his fictional character, Ignatius Reilly?

That my "idleness" might infuriate the industrious and ambitious who find themselves running around on a hamster wheel is kind of hilarious. How does "the subject" measure its "worth" or "value"? ~~£~~

There seem to be Great Secrets hidden in the fibers of Being that the Subject cannot teach, that the Subject cannot learn from books or from another creature, but only through the careful observation of the living process.

Freedom of Speech is alive and well IN YOUR HEAD,  
IN YOUR DIARY!

The film, FRANCES, starring Jessica Lange circa 1983, is making me that much more determined to continue to be myself and live the way I want to live, not to become what some psychiatrist thinks I should become.

Shalonday was so right. No professional can know more about me than I have more insight into my personality than I can do!



Ø

Films made from Philip K Dick's novels are on the way to grossing a billion dollars, but the man himself died a broke, not having to have lived to see any of them. PKD passed away in 1982, just before Blade Runner came out and Hollywood began to cash in on his genius. Even during the most profitable time of his career from 1965 to 1968, he was only making about \$12,000 a year. Hollywood, once again, completely ignores the author until he dies and then milks his work to get all the money. Did I mention that Dick was insane?

Actually, in all honesty, I ~~am~~ am speed reading through most of The Exegesis of PKD. I am kind of bored with the Roman-Greek-Semitic references. I seek PRESENCE much older than civilizations, older than indigenous, aborigine, and "original" tribal peoples... older than mankind... THE OLD GODS.

Ø  
 "If the religions have forbidden us to die by our own hands, it is because they saw that such practices set an example of insubordination, which humiliated temples and gods alike."  
 ~ Cioran

Being suspected of contemplating suicide is enough to be committed to a hospital to be under intense supervision. A true suicide would conceal this tendency.



While reading a poem by Edgar Allan Poe, the lyrics were going perfectly with music in my head: The song - THE THING THAT I SHOULD NOT BE by Metallica

"For, being an idle boy long syne,  
Who read Anacreon & drank wine,  
I early found Anacreon rhymes  
Were almost passionate sometimes -  
And by strange alchemy of brain  
His pleasures always turn'd to pain -  
His naivete to wild desire -  
His wit to love - his wine to fire  
And so, being young and dight in folly  
I fell in love with melancholy  
And used to throw my earthly rest  
And quiet all away in jest -  
Could not, except where Death  
Was mingling his with Beauty's breath -  
Or Hymen, Time, and Destiny  
Were stalking between her and me."

WHY I DON'T GIVE  
A SHIT...

Detachment is a key. I picked out a good film Frances with Jessica Lange (1983), for my mother to watch but she goes around and around the dial watching stupid cpg shows and/or sitcoms with canned laughs. She is so stubbornly close-minded that she refuses to watch Frances because it has scenes of MENTAL ASYLUMS!



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I want to see things as they are, not as I or anyone else wish things to be. Proclaiming outright DISBELIEF is just my way of getting into the psyches of those who play a role of "saint", bishop, pope, reverend, minister, nun, priest, attendee at mass, rabbi, biblical scholar, mullah, disciple of Mahammad, those who make a display of bowing in prayer in public places that I see through such humbuggery.

It's all just so much HOCUS POCUS.

And yet I do lean towards nurturing an awareness of the ever present mystery of death & sleep, mood, enchantment, awe, anxiety, panic, fear, madness, vulnerability to the awesome power of "The Old Gods." And by OLD, I mean "older than mankind," older than the aborigine. The Old Gods are indifferent and even hostile to mankind.

Is this why I am drawn to or curious about the glimpses certain authors give us into their imaginations? To begin to see the world as Poe or Lovecraft or Cioran or Schopenhauer or Artaud saw it. To imagine how Lovecraft sees it. How does Hentrich see it? Does a personal identity or personality actually exist? If life is a process, and "the I" can be said to be



sentence or "the conscious subject of a Thingly Presence", then this "I" is directly associated with a specific animal body (which includes a head/brain).

Should parts of the brain be surgically removed or damaged, does the identity or personality of the subject of the specific animal body or THINGLY PRESENCE remain constant?

No.

Then who is "the real I" or "true self" or "core personality," the healthy subject or the damaged subject? Now selfhood or identity is revealed as elusive ... dynamic, not static.

Perhaps there is no "self".

Perhaps we are nobodies.

Maybe we do not exist.

With thoughts this "deep", I can see clearly why I take offense at being "preached to" by a "minister of 'God'" or a "doctor of psychiatry".

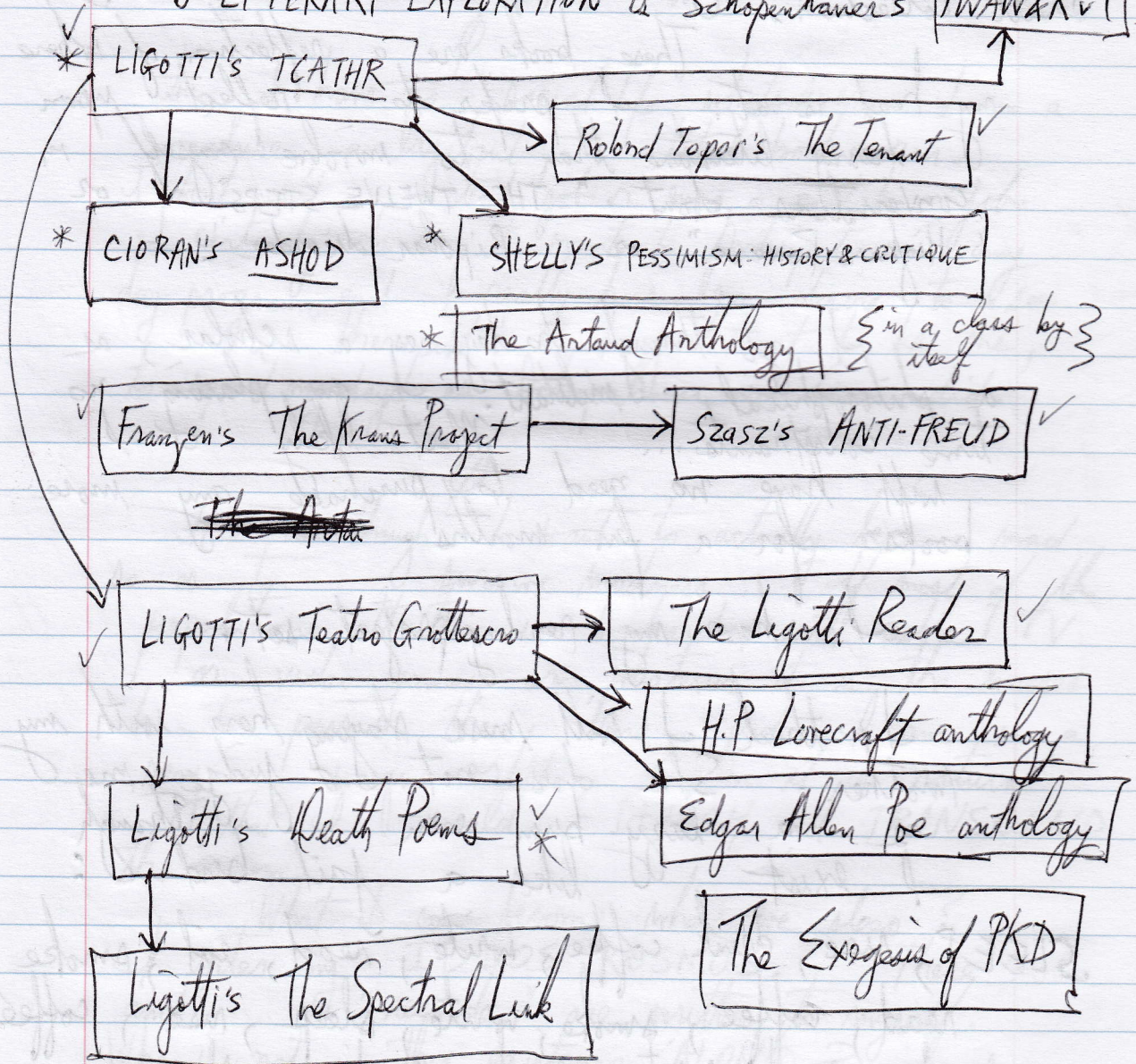
What is the nature of these "moral talks"?

What does the cat think when she observes me scribbling these notes? What is the nature of the sounds she emits? She has no recourse to the laws of mankind!



# LITERARY MADMAN IN THE FLESH

Is it not uncanny how the texts I am collecting while at my mothers - while abstaining from alcoholic oblivion - are connected? The only book from my original collection to be included in this current LITERARY EXPLORATION is Schopenhauer's TWAIN & R ✓ \*







2014.04.07 Monday "Life is malignantly useless." This is the message repeating in my head as "I" came to consciousness.

"Do you work?"

"You mean, am I employed? Do I have a job?"

"How do you live? Where do you get money to live?"

"Government relief. Social Security Disability."

"Dis-ability? You don't look disabled."

"Get the fuck out of my face. I'm crazy."

"You're not crazy. You're very intelligent."

"It's called BIPOLAR DISORDER, rapid cycling, chief."

"Bipolar? That's bullshit. You can work."

"I'll rap the boss's head in with a hammer."

"Then you go to jail, brother. Game over!"

"Sabotage that jail bait setup shit. I am spelling it out for you. I revolt against economic slavery. I am obsessed with reading obscure texts of a pessimistic and nihilistic bent. I have witnessed that I am a great pessimistic philosopher, and because of my rotten teeth, my ~~dislike~~ contempt and disdain for automobile culture and hatred of mainstream consumerist celebrity culture I walk around in this world alienated, dejected, and in my own orbit, my idiosyncrasy."

"You talk too much. Now, listen to me, asshole. You're living off tax-payers backs! We're going to encourage law makers to build work camps for you slackers and pseudo-intellectuals. You're a subversive con-artist who sits on his ass all day smoking cheap discount tobacco while reading books!"

"Did you just call me an asshole?"

?  
a dialog-fiction  
↑



[ "Kraus's bitterest ~~op~~ critique of the then freshly burgeoning mental health professions was so undeniably right, that psychiatric and psychoanalytic loyalists have chosen, during the better part of this century, either 'to ignore his views altogether, or to dismiss them with a few cursory remarks.' (SZASZ 1989)

Karl Kraus is so little known today because he was on the "wrong" side in the great ideological battle of his time. Kraus's writings run against the grain of our ~~current~~ contemporary intellectual mores even more than they did against his. (Szasz 1976)

Part I of Anti-Fraud is called "Karl Kraus: Satirist Against the Soul-Doctors" woo-hee!

Kraus was ignored by the press. He called this Totschweige-taktik — literally, the tactic of killing by keeping silent or ignoring, or the "silent treatment."

This Totschweigetaktilik is now being applied to Kraus's views on psychiatry and psychoanalysis in the large and growing post-World War II literature on his life and work. (Szasz 1976) Ø

I am getting into reading many books simultaneously. I do believe I am very well may be an intellectual giant.



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After cleaning Mom's carpets and returning the machine to the Home Depot, I read the beginning of The Kravitz Reading curious about "subverting authority" via thought, language, theory ... I intellect; I but, what I am really drawn to is Szasz's Anti-Freud.

"Karl Kraus anticipated the insights - into the relationship between the CONTROL OF LANGUAGE and of LIBERTY, between the destruction of the human word and of the human soul, between semantics and politics - of the celebrated authors of our age who have sounded the alarm against the utopias of hell being readied for us - in particular, those of Yevgeny Zamiatin, Aldous Huxley, and George Orwell. But more immediately relevant to our present concerns is Kraus's sensitivity to, and warning against, not the political but the psychiatric and psychoanalytic demagogues and destroyers of our words and our world." (SZASZ 1976)

~~After~~ I did not know at the time, 12 books back, when I took a chance spending \$35 on a rare book by Jonathan Franzen called THE KRAUS PROJECT, that it would lead me back to Szasz, and to ANTI-FREUD. How CONNECTED it all is!

There is a definite method to my madness. Tomorrow I get bloodwork, but I doubt I'll get a therapy.



When my mother went to an AA meeting (she's been sober for nearly 30 years - since 1987 (27 years)), I had an opportunity to make an audio CD with music and some of my spoken words. I was listening to it when she walked in the door. She says my singing sounds like a sick cow. She can't stand to hear me sing. She doesn't want to hear me read my essays or "comedy dialogue". Someone who reads my blog, and has been consoled by reading my writings since the [whywork.org](http://whywork.org) years, sent me email telling me the dialogue was brilliant. My mother kept interrupting me with, "Is it almost over?"

Was Agnes, Ignatius's mother in *A Confederacy of Dunces*, the villain of the story?

Why is my mother so closed minded and obtuse?

Some people like to hear me sing. My mother can't stand to hear me sing. She likes that I clean her carpet. She likes that I fix her computer. She doesn't really want to listen to anything I have written. Oh well. It is what it is.

No wonder I don't want to get married. I would not give up my literary and philosophical interests to be a corporate slave for a wife!



My mother will sit in front of the television and I watch American Idol and all that, but she refuses to validate my heartfelt singing. I cut ties with Rich & Bore solely because he invalidated me as far as singing goes.

So... I can't afford to give a shit about what others think or say about me, not parents, not so-called "friends", not so-called "doctors" or therapists. This world is full of shit.

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[Karl] Krause displayed an interest in psychiatry and psychoanalysis from the very beginning of his work as a critic and writer. He turned first against psychiatry, quickly recognizing its obvious brutality, exemplified by what we in the United States call civil commitment of the insane; and then against psychoanalysis, after he recognized the more subtle, but perhaps even more sinister, threats entailed in it, exemplified by the character assassinations of genius presented as psychoanalytic pathographies. (SZASZ 1976)





2014. 04. 10 Thursday Blood-work done. The Ligotti Reader arrived.

Now I await one more "rare text": Death Poems.  
Ligotti's The Spectral Link won't be released until July. I already paid for a copy.

There is not much I want.

Everything is reduced to three stark principles: first, that there was nowhere for you to go; second, that there was nothing for you to do; and third, that there was no one for you to know.

Surely, it is better for me, physically and mentally, to spend my days reading obscure texts and writing my reflections and commentary, than to have a part time job that demigrates me to the point I resort to seek alcoholic oblivion. Face it: we live in Bizarroland. In Central Africa, the inhabitants are in violent conflict over "religion" - most likely "Christianity" and "Islam". What the fuck? It is only an accident of birth that I was not born there. And who would I be if I were born there? Someone else?

Would a psychotherapist encourage me to conform to society's norms? Would he or she try to make me feel as though I were wasting my potential or even try to suggest I attend AA meetings or some "BIPOLAR SUPPORT GROUP"?



Looking back over some arguments I engaged in at Broken Spirit on whywork.org / forum, I am relieved not to participate on message boards anymore. Life takes its course. I understand why I have returned to mostly reading books.

There is no need to "find like-minded" people or to enjoy the company of an intelligent minority. People get away with far too snide remarks on message boards. Trolls. Agent provocateurs. The Internet is just a reflection of the society we live in. I go against the grain. I roll with the punches.

Ø  
Having access to the obscure texts I've managed to collect in a relatively short time, and not being at liberty to "get my drunk on", I find myself experiencing moments of contentment. Laying on my back or stomach, or sitting at a table or sitting on the ground outside while drinking coffee and smoking tobacco, having little to no desire to go anywhere, do anything but read the text I am drawn to at that moment, or be with anyone in particular, I get a premonition that BEING SOLITARY is a great blessing. Schopenhauer and Cioran are great for letting me know this through their writings. Maybe, in turn, through something I write, I may console other solitary thinkers...



97  
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[ During an interview, when asked if he could live with the restrictions of being a professional writer, Thomas Ligotti responded, "I realized a long time ago that I could never be a professional writer for the simple reason that I'm not interested in the same things that people who buy the majority of the books in this world are interested in. Like Lovecraft, I'm not interested in people and their relationships. That alone counts me out as a professional writer. I also have a bad attitude toward the world. I think that life is a curse and so on."

I feel Ligotti is a kindred spirit. ]

Why even bother "reaching out to the masses" when it is so clear I that I'm not the same, so clear that I ~~do~~ am not interested in what they are interested in, not impressed with what they are impressed with?

Why bother? Exactly!

The diary is more powerful than the blog!

Eureka! There is no one out there to impress. Who is my audience then? The idiotic Kosmos. When I talk to myself, when I write in my notebook, the inner awareness of the Flesh is the audience.



Ø

I can't resist noting this statement made by Ligotti in an interview as it sheds some insight into why I am content to rise, drink coffee, smoke tobacco, and get into a not too small collection of texts. A good pen... a notebook... undisturbed leisure.

When young, Ligotti wanted to be a rock star. Then he wanted to be H.P. Lovecraft. "At this time I've run out of other people that I want to be. My ideal persona these days is that of an inmate in a minimum security prison. That really seems like the good life to me."

Wow. That says a lot. How would such an inmate get his hands on a collection of rare books?

Maybe Ligotti would find my particular lifestyle as AS GOOD AS IT GETS.

Nothing that is so, is so.

Ø

As I want to savor The Ligotti Reader, I will pause at page 72 of 188. It is very much worth reading and "having access to" to read again. I am interested in the 1887 work on Pessimism... and a couple essays by Cioran some Antonin Artaud on The Theater. I guess I am a BRAIN.



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2014.04.11, Friday [Books drawn to → PESSIMISM; ANTI-FREUD; Kristeva]

ritual → with first cigarette, go over notes from previous days.  
Dream Recall? I was driving old VW, was going to buy  
a large SUV for girlfriend then considered an old van for myself.  
In another dream, I was smacking down a kee in a warehouse  
with people cheering me on.

What does one consider a waste of time or an exercise in  
futility? Sleeping is not a waste of time. Enjoying higher  
faculties & reading in search of truth is not  
a waste of time. Relaxing while doing nothing in  
particular is not a waste of time.

Can "getting drunk" be considered a waste of time?

It depends. I've had many "good times" getting drunk; then  
again, I've suffered several disasters and been terrified of  
not knowing what I might do or what I don't remember  
doing.

It's a good feeling to be able to purchase some  
obscure literature and put my brain to work on  
uncovering great scandals that affect daily life in  
our current social system.

It amazes me that with this current assortment of texts,  
I really want for so little. I am content to nap.  
I am content to be "unemployed". I am content  
not to need a motor vehicle. I am content to be  
indifferent to what the masses are concerned about:  
relationships, procreation, etc.



Where does "shame" come from? Social conditioning. I'm not just talking about shame experienced at the thought of bringing oneself to orgasm, but even the shame of something as innocent as napping in the afternoon or reading a book on a Monday morning?

We are only free to be ourselves when in hiding? Nature is antisocial? Why are we encouraged to hide our true nature? Again, what good is a diary if one holds back those "secret realities"?

In other words, how INTIMATE am I with myself? How well do I know my true nature? Is it possible to become comfortable with the secret aspects of our existence?

Orgasm is accessible to all and is in no way dependent upon coitus or relations. Those who are intimate with their own sexuality, in circumstances where they are not inhibited by fears of being observed or under scrutiny are able to arouse themselves and thereby enjoy the intense pleasure of orgasm.

For me, I need privacy or else I hold back. How do you spell relief?  
O-R-G-A-S-M.



Ligotti raises the question: What if the god who is our very self turns out to be a monster? In Ligotti's fictional world, the answer to this question lies all around us and within us. We cannot escape from the nightmare when the nightmare turns out to be our own soul. (from The Ligotti Reader)

No wonder I am not impressed with public figures or professionals. Everyone wears a mask, plays a role. Maybe this is why I have rejected such a life. Could it be that the refusal to be phony makes one unemployable?

Just watching a couple programs on TV at my mother's and witnessing the commercials exposes just how sinister the advertising industry is, just how stupid they think we are, just what sell-outs most of these actors are.

And so I am an avid reader. I don't read crap. I don't want to watch TV. I don't want to meet people at "support group meetings".

I strongly dislike actors and actresses. In fact, I despise the very people that society emulates. Cognitive dissonance. What I do like is cold iced tea. I like the full moon. I like the cool wind. And so I keep writing. Eventually this heart will stop beating. I am getting so deep, so real, that I refrain from broadcasting...



29  
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How do I develop the ability to stop caring not just about what others think of me but about how others choose to live? In a natural disaster, illusions shattering more food stores, no more gas stations, no more hospitals or helicopters.

Is it even possible to experience existential security once you've grasped how fragile our status quo business as usual world is? I want to continue to keep track of my mental progression just to be aware of inner transformations.

There is an epidemic of madness. Of course, if by not reproducing, by not having a career or a wife, by not "dating", by not caring about public image, I may appear weird to those who spend their lives reproducing or playing the role of husband or wife or parent, or teacher or minister or doctor or nurse or "working man" or movie star or "musician" or chef or police officer or lawyer or judge or rabbi or priest or gurney or business man or "real estate agent" or roofer or whatever... therapist...

I know better than to cohabit or get too involved with people since I am well aware of just how extraordinarily I deviate from the norm. Now, shall I return to the Realm of HP Lovecraft?



D

Back in January, 1998, right after I left the Tank House and the park job, I had written a letter to IF. He responded, writing that my letter was "exceptionally well written, ~~and~~ clear and poetic."

At the end of the letter he wrote, "And by the way. I hope you are continuing to keep a journal, Mike. Listen I to what I am about to say: There's no reason you can't write a book about your experiences. Your perspective is unique, your docs have been (and are) genuinely paid, and I think that what you have gone through is worth writing about. There are many people who would find an interest in what you have to say. Think about it. Keeping a journal is what writers do."

That was when I wrote the first part of my "manifesto." I went through my journals from 1987 up to 1998. 11 years.

I would not type up the second part of the manifesto until 2013, while living in Brick. 1998 up to 2014. 16 years

Total:  $\frac{2014}{-1987}$

27 years... almost 3 decades  
What now? Now You go insane.



Nevermind what the "nature" of "dreams" is. Recall.  
 There was an odd book being written and/or spoken  
 by a Schopenhauer-like Being. Was this Being "me"?  
 No, it seemed to be quite definitely Schopenhauer.

Cioran asks, "What advantage is it to know that the  
 nature of being consists in the "will to live,"  
 in "idea," or in the whim of God or of Chemistry?  
 A mere proliferation of words, subtle displacements of  
 meanings."

How to conduct oneself as a knower rather than as a  
 sufferer? In the dream, there was a strange  
 book that seemed to be "screamed."  
 And there was a definite image of Arthur Schopenhauer.



The literary madman is a disguised philosopher.  
 Madness is an uncivilized preference for solitude.  
 Madness is an impossible desire for a woman.

Madness is an obsession with rare and obscure literature.  
 I imagine myself in a Barnes and Noble searching for  
 literature that I might "take me deeper," but  
 I seem to be through with novels. I have  
 zeroed in on the few philosophers who I find  
 worthy of my attention. If the literary madman  
 is a disguised philosopher, then I isn't it  
 possible that the philosophical "dead beat" in the flesh  
 may be considered a madman...



George Carlin had suggested that the reason why the education system in the United States is so horrendous is because the "masters" don't want critical thinkers. They want obedient workers just smart enough to operate the machinery and do the paper work, but not so reflective that they sit around and actually **THINK!**

Richard Dawkins says, "I am an ape. I am an African ape. I am very proud to be an African ape."

I agree. The "great apes", or Hominidae, are Old World tailless catarrhine primates, which include orangutans, gorillas, common chimpanzees, bonobos chimpanzees, and HUMANS. Humans are apes.

Chimps are more closely related to humans than they are to gorillas. We are 100% ANIMAL.  
I am an African ape.

Thought Exercise: understand mortality → the fact that everyone we know (and everyone we don't know) will D/E. Imagine the skeleton and nerve endings. Most likely, the species will go extinct regardless of what we do. In other words, there is no permanence. What is the point of writing if one is not writing for one's own well-being? I prove to myself repeatedly that a pen & notebook is far more exciting



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than a video screen (television, movie, video, documentary, porno film, etc). How can this be so?

How can a pen & notebook be considered "stimulating"?

Well, it is certainly not more stimulating than hot sex or powerful drugs, but it is more stimulating than TV or "the Internet".

How so? Think back to the exercise where I fully grasp the inevitability of death. Consider next the nature of time, how there never really is a "present moment" as the so-called present immediately, instantaneously becomes "the past".

Imagine how "old" the earth is, how "old" the Cosmos is, and yet HERE this stream of consciousness is scribbling alphanumeric symbols onto papyrus. Is it a dream? Suppose, by great stroke of luck or coincidence or FATE, these scribbled words should "last" longer than the VESSEL, made of meat and bones, suppose a different vessel "reads" these words.

Is it possible to write with this degree of AWARENESS-OF-MORTALITY?

In a split microsecond, our lifeworld can be irreversibly altered. This is the nightmarish quality of existence. Alone. I am "close" to my mother. At any moment, she could vanish forever. How does one prepare oneself?



How fragile and vulnerable each creature is!

Everything can change. Nothing is permanent. How does one prepare oneself for the unexpected?

I don't think we can "be prepared". Roll with the punches. Embrace memories, for all is memory.

At any instant, experience can become nightmarish. How does one maintain a calm resolve in the face of such great potential for great pain and loss?

One does not prepare for grief.

One simply grieves.

And since pain, grief, suffering, anxiety, etc are subjective, it does no good to compare our's with another's.

Eventually one stands ALONE.

We are all born from a mother, but we each die alone, subjectively. Most of us also exist alone. And, yet, are we each not all this one being?

What I am getting at is that one is wise to develop and nurture a rich inner life, for that is what sustains us until the end.



Σ 63

## NURTURING THE INNER LIFE

Maybe a key to nurturing the inner life is to realize that it contains dimensions "beyond" these many words. In sleep, it is as if these words, all my journals, all books, everywhere, do not exist. Words exist only for consciousness?

Are the dimensions in sleep related to the dimensions, if any, in death?

So much illusion... What do "I" feel when drifting to sleep? This need to sleep is greater and more powerful than CONSCIOUSNESS. Death and sleep overpower the I.

Death and sleep are OF the inner life, and the inner life is PRIMORDIAL, more than ancient. These processes are deeper than the socially constructed identity.

We are much older than our personal identities.



2014.04.17 Thursday

Strange dreams. Awoke at 4AM but immediately returned to the floor. Understand: People are caught up in their own drama and experiences. Then there are "historical" dramas. 300 years ago... There are older forces at work. What is an intellectual to do?



The military recruits uses video games to recruit "gamers" as "drone & pilots." A video game addict can drop out of high school to enter the military as a drone pilot, and by age 19, be training other gamers. ~~So~~ War as entertainment.

To be a thinker in such a world, to sit on the sidelines; better still, to ignore the preoccupations of the masses, no longer hoping to find like-minded individuals to engage in conversations with.

In losing interest in "finding gainful employment," ~~\$~~ in accepting the diagnosis of "bipolar" and most likely, "alcoholic," and accepting social security disability payments since 2005, I am a well-established dead beat intellectual. Still possessing great confidence in the powers of my intellect, I am not intimidated by the upholders of the status quo. To be in one's own orbit is to "welcome ~~and~~ one's own soul," to nurture the inner life. Intellectual excellence demands to shine, has a natural inclination to shine.

Mental Independence.

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Once again I find myself waiting for a telephone from reachoutwreless. It may take until May to receive it, and I wonder why. I wonder why, but I can't afford to care too much.

I'm also waiting for my "security deposit" from the latest landlord. Wherever I send up, I wonder how I will refrain from imbibing alcohol.



The second half of The Krustera Reader may prove to entice me to a slower reading, and, perhaps even a STUDY. Women, Psychoanalysis, Politics.

Krustera analyses the development of Judaism as the victory of patriarchal monotheism over an earlier, maternal and fertility-oriented religion.

She finally turns to a study of female suicide, notably that of female writers, workers of the word, such as Virginia Woolf, Maria Tsvetaeva and Sylvia Plath.

Actually, I have been thinking about investing in some works by and about ~~St~~ Sylvia Plath. I was able to explore Virginia Woolf via the library, but I think PLATH is in my sights at the Barnes & Noble.

Of the 17 or so texts I've amassed since not restricting myself to libraries and bookstores, I fly through most, all but POE & LOVECRAFT anthologies, which are gargantuan. What I mean to say is that Plath is most likely on the horizon, so this makes ~~my~~ the attention on The Krustera Reader worthwhile TO ME in my own ORBIT with the inner galaxy, the IDIOS KOSMOS - the private world!

The world of literature is very private and intimate. It is ~~to~~ difficult to imagine a significant "other" taking such an interest in my PRIVATE REALM.



P01

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Why would John Brunner's The Sheep Up Dell for \$188 on B&N website?

At Amazon.com, \$126 - \$312!

found one for about \$15.

It's great to be being interest in so many things. I will only read books that interest me.

Why purchase the journals of Sylvia Plath?  
Why not just continue writing my own journals? There is just this feeling that nothing is worth reading; nothing is worth doing; nothing I is worth my ATTENTION. So many gorts! So many phonies!

I don't want to be entertained or amused. Maybe I would find more honesty in blogs.

What is it I am looking for?  
I brought 4 of my old diaries with me to reflect on. When I am in this kind of mood, if I were not staying with my mother, I might just drink & booze. Where does anything lead?

Could it be that I have reached a point where the purposelessness and meaninglessness of all we do is so crystal clear that I become the only source of honesty I trust?



In this world we are in, who can instruct anyone on how to get through life? Who can be blamed for being sucked into the television or Youtube? Who can criticize anyone who simply HIDES day after day? And, if one is a reader, what to read? What is one drawn to? Don't expect too many fans if you badmouth procreation. Expect to be alone.

At least I have access to pen and notebook. When I'm not looking to be entertained and do not have patience for a novel, I can go through my own diaries. What's the point?

This is the point: there doesn't have to be a point. To be introspective, reflective, contemplative is to have access to a transcendental realm.

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Pretty women create graveyards. Surely, if one is at odds with the species, if one has come to the conclusion that so many countless people are full of shit, why become a professional writer? Why not simply write for my own pleasure?

I DO.

Deeper and deeper, more and more isolated, being in the world, but not of it. Where are all the reclusive solitaires on the Internet? What if all the thinkers are committing suicide?



Who are some authors who wrote for the loner?

FRANZ KAFKA (loneliness and alienation)

HARUKI MURAKAMI

NEAL STEPHENSON (sci-fi, cyberpunk, post cyberpunk)

HERMANN HESSE

"We must become so alone, so utterly alone, that we withdraw into our innermost self. It is a way of better suffering."

Each creature experiences its own existence. What a strange creature, this language using (symbol using) ape. Endure, endure, endure... No other creature on earth passes down symbols. All the creatures face the same silent abyss. Does writing help us endure our consciousness?

When someone is on the brink of the abyss, how can one consider writing a novel?

What am I to do with these remaining years of my existence? Who am I writing to?

Fear of losing mother. Coping without any emotional support. How will I cope?

First of all, I would have to let go of possessions: diaries and books. If I were to start writing all over again, what would I write?



The nightmarish quality of the world-of-experience can be as simple and common as tooth decay. Hospital bills I don't intend to pay. The Department of Education garnishing my "government relief funds" for student loan debt. Living in mass industrial society where everything is designed with the idea that every adult is equipped with an automobile reporting to a "job", raising children, always vulnerable to being mangled in some vehicular misadventure.

What about all those who end up institutionalized? What about society's "rejects" and DISCONTENTS? Getting through the moments, the days, the years of existence...

Meanwhile there are the "big" issues on the world stage, the kind of issues covered by newspapers, radio news, and military personnel. There is famine, food riots, senseless murders, corporations destroying the natural world mining for natural gas to feed the machine.

There are "immigrants" from South American living in the "United States" targeted for deportations, while those, like myself, who happened to be born from families which migrated from "Europe" qualify for social security benefits and just for being born. No wonder I prefer to hide away studying the metaphysical basis of pessimism. No wonder I was so relieved to read Ligotti's philosophical work, TCATHR, since it does not defer to the lies humanity tells itself.



211  
I remember, while on a bus out in Seattle, Washington, how an outraged Latina wanted to see me punched in the face simply because I denied the statement she made, where she claimed that "Jesus Christ created all the mountains and everyone of us."

I long since lost patience with phony idiots, no matter how attractive!

How much cruelty, frustration, miseducation, and general idiocy lurks in the sinews of those "replicating" their DNA, and anyone who does not bow down and praise the glory of la Raza is painted as pure evil.

To be able to write the things that others don't even allow themselves to think!

There's got to be a more disgusting concept than "guts" to get across the contempt and disdain I have for these phony, superficial, smiley faced humanoids, jumping around in front of cameras, waving flags, showing off their clean shiny teeth, and - HOLY FUCK - breeding, replicating, demanding respect for make-believe mythologies. Well, I have an inalienable prerogative to SEE THINGS AS THEY REALLY ARE beneath the hoopla.



give voice to the grouch, the grump, the one with the legitimate chips on the shoulder. What is one to do when one realizes that the best strategy is to curl up with blanket and pillows if one is fortunate enough to be able to do so?

Ø  
I am exploring the work of a new (new, to me) author - post cyberpunk science fiction: Neal Stephenson, starting with Snow Crash. I guess I am going to pick back and go with the flow. I have to wait to get security deposit back... and I have to find a residence. I have to avoid alcohol while living with my mother, so reading some cyberpunk. I may alter my consciousness: sublimation.

So, I'm half-heartedly enjoying the read, but I am wondering how this author can be grouped with Kafka and Hesse... or even Murakami. I guess Stephenson is aiming for a larger audience than, say, Ligotti. There is no way in hell I would attempt to entertain a mass audience.

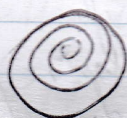
Disillusionment. I'm just a scribbler, a lone anti-hero in a real dystopia. Angst. Ennui. The stomach is hungry. I am 47. My 72 year old mother is cooking squash casserole. Kafkaesque?

Oh well. This is what I do. I read books. I had to pop 3 aspirins since I feel a headache coming on. Who would be interested in reading my diary?



Ø

I drop a Trazadone early - before 10PM. Friday nights don't matter to me any more than Monday mornings. I'm just not on the same Torbit as the programmed. I've noticed I've been enjoying sleep intensely lately, like it's the greatest activity one I can engage in while alive.



2014.04.19 Saturday An answer to the question concerning who would be interested in reading my diary: me. That is its sole purpose: self-awareness.

→ The diary as psychological literature as a means to better understanding the nature of this thingy presence being in the world.

When confronted with utter frustration over the most basic aspects of being in the world, i.e., finding shelter (residence), preparing meals, enduring time - these are fundamental and universal.

I can gain WISDOM when I compare notes after a night of drinking alcohol to those mornings when I rise sober. While I may experience a feeling of emptiness and meaninglessness, my body does not feel ill and wretched. Going over old notes, I can experience a sense of relief witnessing how I am ~~not~~ more coherent now.



Ø

I don't feel ashamed of loafing around all day, day after day. What am I doing with my life? There is no obligation, duty, or requirement for me to "do" anything. All I HAVE TO do is DIE. I Do the math. As long as I am not murdering or violating people, as long as I am just LOAFING, while I may be considered a lazy layabout or scoundrel, I certainly don't have any beliefs, or causes I would KILL or DIE for.

To be a deadbeat is not a crime. No one really knows what makes us who we are. Well, conditioning, brainwashing, training, etc; but, really, it is what it is. Someone might lay around all day watching television, while another may scribble mad nonsense in a diary, read a science fiction post cyberpunk novel, and then fall asleep in sunbeams. Someone else may drive frantically to a Twelve Step meeting, risking death via vehicular misadventure. Another may jog for miles, impressing her father who also jogs for miles, feeling somewhat superior to those who smoke cigarettes and sleep in the middle of the afternoon.

Those without automobiles have nowhere to go - true, but those with automobiles go to places that may not even be worth going to! Animals like to hide.



# LEARNING NOT TO UNDERSTAND

James Sully (1887) <sup>Ø</sup> writes that the first and fundamental objection to Schopenhauer's world-principle is that it is inconceivable. "Will, in the abstract, is wholly unthinkable."

Sully does not seem willing to accept that Schopenhauer made clear that we cannot explain the whence, the whither, or the why of existence; we can only show what is. Like so many, ~~the~~ James Sully wants to understand the WHY, the WHENCE, and the WHITHER. He says Schopenhauer's position is quite untenable. This is one of my objections to academic philosophy and Humanism in general, the presumption that all problems are solvable, that there is no limit to what can be known.

"In the Idea which is at once will and representation, the Ding an sich (will) is said to know itself as object."

Inconceivability is not necessarily proof of erroneous thinking. Schopenhauer was trying to explain the fundamental riddles, impenetrable mysteries. When a camera attempts to study the sun, if it gets too close, the camera is destroyed by the immense heat. I ask, what is wrong with contemplating in wonder? Why not forsake the desire to understand?



521  
2014.04.22 Tuesday They mere process of contemplating the kinds of things Schopenhauer was contemplating is a extremely satisfying ~~endless~~ endeavor. Just this very striving, this being stirred by  $\theta\lambda\upsilon\mu\chi$  - the wonder that impels this strange ape to philosophize - is a materialization of an impulse, a consciousness of the true nature of phenomenal existence.

It is difficult to track down anything by Gapffe. Thomas Ligotti dedicates The Conspiracy Against the Human Race: A Contrivance of Horror to the memory of Peter Weasel Gapffe.

Gapffe's thought is ~~clear~~ the most elementary in the history of philosophical pessimism.

His thought shuns the profound and difficult to understand BRAIN TWISTERS (that are complicated, twisted, and intricately involved) as something unworthy or injurious.

Schopenhauer's The World As Will and Representation (two volumes, 1819 and 1844) lays out "one of the most ABSORBINGLY INTRICATE METAPHYSICAL SYSTEMS EVER CONTRIVED."

(Quoting Ligotti) "— a quasi-mystical elaboration of a 'Will-to-live' as the hypostasis of reality, a mindless and untiring master of all being, a directionless force that makes everything do what it does ..."



This idea of "learning not to understand" may be a subconscious declaration of an intention to disentangle my thought processes from philosophical systems ~~to~~ <sup>overwrought</sup> in the proving to be anything more than another intellectual labyrinth for SPECIALISTS IN PERPLEXITY."

Napff's principles are NON-TECHNICAL, shunning theories and focusing more on the brute facts of our LIVED EXPERIENCE. Cioran also rejects the compulsion to ~~dece~~ systematize thought, choosing, instead, to break thought down to what can be whispered in the ear of a dying man or spoken loudly to a drunkard.

Schopenhauer's thought is an elaborate construct for the END OF HUMAN EXISTENCE.  
Point blank. Bottom line.

Life itself is a cosmic accident, a great blunder. In a novel titled *At the Mountains of Madness* (1936), HP Lovecraft has one of his characters mention a "PRIMAL MYTH" about "GREAT OLD ONES WHO FILTERED DOWN FROM THE STARS AND CONCOCTED LIFE ON EARTH AS A JOKE OR A MISTAKE."

Once Schopenhauer had drafted his own MYTHOLOGY, that "everything in the universe is energized by a Will-to-Live, shifted to a common sense pessimism..."



2014.04

What is the ultimate aim of all this striving?  
Existence is a state of DEMONIC MANIA,  
with the Will-to-live as a the POSSESSING  
SPIRIT of TORMENTED INDIVIDUALS!

- Consciousness as an "accident of life" -

Consciousness perceives and tries to understand this predicament. Why this urgent demand to comprehend a riddle which is so utterly baffling?

The idea of "learning not to understand" has a synonymous counterpart in street slang. Some hipsters say, "I'm not trying to know that shit."

TRYING NOT TO KNOW could actually explain the CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE HUMAN RACE in that "life depends on us not knowing it"!

It's no coincidence that, in the creation myth of the Hebrews, KNOWLEDGE is the forbidden fruit. The Torah (first five books of the Bible) can be considered a VIRUS.

The "scientific basis of pessimism" could be considered "antivirus software" attacking the virus of that manifests which spreads the command to go forth and multiply, to subdue the earth, and to toil... Just a thought.



A beautiful walk with my mother through Manasquan Reservoir in Howell, NJ today has made me relaxed... I'm going to forget about the pressing to find a residence for the next couple of weeks. I'll simply appreciate staying with my mother as though it were a DETOXIFICATION center.

I cleaned an outdoor chair. There is an outdoor table on the side of Mom's domicile. I will be using that table & chair as place to read and write, smoking cigarettes, drinking coffee - a place to "work".

James Sully (1877) criticizes Schopenhauer and the disciple Hartmann as being "unscientific"; that the idea of will (Schopenhauer) or Unconscious (Hartmann) as occult fiction - anthropomorphized mythology.

And yet, modern cognitive scientists (2000's) claim the Cognitive Unconscious is responsible for 99% of our actions.

I suppose, if one wishes to theorize and contemplate in an unrestrained manner, such a theorist would have to state clearly from the start that science itself is mythology, just our culture's way of explaining reality. There really is no such thing as a neuron or an electron. OK, settle down albino boy.



2014.04.23 Wednesday



Dream Recall : (1) There was an underground city of miniature Asians, or People of India, or Hindus ... what terminology can I use? Hindu is religion, just as Christian and Muslim and Jew are religion. Anyway, the entrance into the underground city is a secret entrance in the sand.

(2) At the seashore - was I with an Afro-Asian woman? - I see a bunch of older Scandinavian women ... one looks like my mother, another like my aunt Nancy, another like my aunt Susan, and the fourth ... the fourth I like my Grandmother Weber (Maiden Malmberg) who is now "no more".

(3) At first in a library, someone takes out a book on my card, allowing me to borrow it (later in the dream, it turns out I had left it at the library). What was the book about? It was written by some radical intellectual from the 1960's. Back at apartment complex - in the same dream - I am unable to keep the door shut. There is some kind of "suction". Other doors are also open in the hallway. I notify the person about the library book being left at the library.

(4) There is a young woman who I seem to be romantically pursuing, and there is also a "jealous" man who is competing for her affection.

(5) There is a dream where I am reflecting upon the extinction of the species "mankind" or even just the collapse of civilization - eastern & western. The "spirits" of my sister and I seem to be on a deeper level.

Upon ~~I~~ awakening, once again, I want to contact the ancestors.



OLDSCHOOL

Here's a little taste of the ~~cyberpunk~~ ~~postcyberpunk~~ philosopher theorist at work at his temporary make-shift "workplace" on the side of his mother's domicile in a retirement community off of the dreaded route 70 in Ocean County, New Jersey, which, ~~is~~ has a Twilight Zone ambience to it - ~~not~~ → (it's worth noting) not just the community of about 2000 residences, but the entire area of strip malls and megastores.

This OBSERVATION has to do with being alive in at a point where our species faces ~~some~~ <sup>a</sup> mind-boggling surrealistic predicament. Amidst the doom and gloom, there is, lo and behold, a "bright side".

Normally, in an industrial society, there would be pressure to "succeed", to acquire the material credentials, to have a career, a marriage with children, etc; but, under the present circumstances, where we face massive die off in the event of the collapse of civilization, there really is no such pressure.

It is understandable that a man in my position would be content just to get by, to live as a kind of social parasite off the corpse of civilization, to embrace the lifestyle of a hipster on the dole, to be an ~~postcyberpunk~~ <sup>OLDSCHOOL</sup> theoretician of rebellion, a philosopher in economic chains, to contemplate upon the problem of existence itself, to cultivate a deeper perspective, to reject "social identity" and just spend my life reading literature and fine-tuning an attitude of contempt & disdain.



→ ~~postcyberpunk~~ theoritician <sup>of</sup> perplexity?

theorist → deep thinker

∴ logician, sage, savant, sophist

→ cyberpunk = "a genre of science fiction that features rebellious computer hackers and is set in a dystopian society integrated by computer networks"

Classic cyberpunk characters were marginalized, alienated loners who lived on the edge of society in dystopic futures... high tech low lifes.

Aha. I am "Old School Cyberpunk" because I do not have a job. I am an educated outsider.

The "Postcyberpunk" characters are not alienated loners at all. Frequently they are integral members of society, i.e., they have jobs.

Where cyberpunk is dystopian and darker with disillusionment for utopian science fiction, post-cyberpunk is positive yet more realistic than both cyberpunk and utopian sci-fi.

Where cyberpunk is anti-corporate and anti-government, postcyberpunk gives corporations and governments redeeming qualities.

I am not "postcyberpunk". I am oldschool cyberpunk, an oldschool cyberpunk deep thinker.



flashback interlude. completing the square.  
mathematical masturbation. elementary algebra.

$$ax^2 + bx + c = 0$$

becomes  $a\left(x + \left(\frac{b}{2a}\right)\right)^2 + \left(c - \frac{b^2}{4a}\right) = 0$

let  $d = \frac{b}{2a}$  ; let  $e = c - \frac{b^2}{4a}$

then  $a(x+d)^2 + e = 0$

$x^2 + 6x - 7 = 0$  :  $a=1, b=6, c=-7$

$\therefore 1\left(x + \left(\frac{6}{2}\right)\right)^2 + \left(-7 - \frac{36}{4}\right) = 0$

$(x+3)^2 + (-7-9) = 0 \quad (x+3)^2 = 16$

$x+3 = \pm 4$

$x = \pm 4 - 3$

$x = -7 \text{ and } x = 1$

A better way is to take half of the  $x$ -term and square it, then add this square to both sides of the equation.

$x^2 + 6x - 7 = 0 \rightarrow x^2 + 6x = 7$

$\rightarrow 3 \dots 3^2 = 9$

$x^2 + 6x + 9 = 16$

$(x+3)^2 = 16 \rightarrow x+3 = \pm 4$

$x = -7, 1$



(Franz) Brentano and his pupil, Husserl, maintained that the natural sciences could only yield hypotheses and never absolute truths. Brentano attempted to develop an exact science of psychic phenomena. Husserl attempted to develop a "Science of the Mind" in Phenomenology. The basis: inner perception.

This is just the point that Sully bases his attack: "The manner in which Schopenhauer assumes, without the least investigation into the matter, that by simple INTROSPECTION we may reach a sub-phenomenal reality in the shape of the will."

We experience our own bodies as manifestations of the Will! When instinctive impulses are not immediately satisfied, it is in a state of unrest and craving, i.e. dis-ease.

One of the many obscure texts I had to abandon when I went out West was Dermot Moran's Introduction to Phenomenology.

This is where I learned about Franz Brentano. Phenomenology as initially understood by Edmund Husserl meant DESCRIPTIVE PSYCHOLOGY and had its origins in Brentano.

Philosophy consists in description and not causal explanation. Husserl also adopted from Brentano an appreciation of empiricism, namely David Hume, along with an antipathy towards Kantian idealism. ~~For~~

Philosophy is the description of what is given in direct 'self-evidence' (Evidenz).

Brentano attempted to rethink psychology as a science.



PE1  
He proposed concentrating on illuminating the nature of inner self-aware acts of cognition without appealing to genetic explanation (causality).

Brentano was proposing a kind of philosophical psychology, or a philosophy of the mind.

In his lectures on Descriptive Psychology (1889, right about the time of James Jolly's work <sup>Pessimism</sup> & History and A Criticism), Brentano employed the phrase of "descriptive psychology or descriptive phenomenology."

This is an a priori science of the laws of the mental, identifying universal laws on the basis of insight into individual instances.

Like Sartre, Brentano denies the possibility of purely unconscious mental acts.

Right from the outset, Husserl laid great stress on phenomenology's PRINCIPLE OF

PRESUPPOSITIONLESSNESS.

that is, the claim to have DISCARDED  
PHILOSOPHICAL THEORIZING in favor of  
careful description of phenomena themselves,  
to be attentive only to what is given  
in INTUITION. (Moran C. 2000)

Every act of knowledge is to be legitimized by  
"ORIGINARY PRESENTIVE INTUITION" -



originär gebende Anschauung.

This concept of originary presentive intuition is at the core of Husserl's philosophy.

The word "intuition" comes from the Latin *intuiri*, which means "knowledge from within". Isn't this at the very root of James Sully's so-called undermining of Schopenhauer's quasi-mystical elaboration of the Will-to-live as the hypostasis of reality?

Today, Cognitive Scientists think of intuition as a set of NONCONSCIOUS COGNITIVE PROCESSES!

The real source of life's misery would be this essentially nonconscious longing (and consequently of dissatisfaction) inherent in self-preservation.

Isn't this just contemporary technical jargon for the *deus ex machina*, the Unconscious?  
\* UNCONSCIOUS WILL \*

Every living creature behaves exactly in conformity with Schopenhauer's philosophy.

Whatever we call it, the Will, or *anima mundi*, the World Soul, physiological or psychological processes (nonconscious cognitive processes),

Nature, organisms are compelled by an occult master, pulling the strings... Like *The Thing* or *The Body Snatchers*, its motivation is to survive & REPRODUCE.



Ø

I'm not sure how many excerpts I'll be grabbing from "Celine", but by page 20, there's a line I can't resist putting in my arsenal. The protagonist is my hero already &... a true ANTI-HERO.

"I don't know how to make friends and influence people, I fuck around too much, my reputation's bad."

Ø

I'm ready to start over as far as my writing goes. I want ~~to~~ the reading of Death on the Installment Plan to mark the point where (1) I stop making up titles for "sections" (GOT IT? No more sections! Just name each notebook) (2) No more "series"... no more "book 1", "book 2", etc (3) I will still number the pages, maybe for an index of some sort (4) I may title entries, starting now.

My major influences shall be:

Emile Cioran  
Antonin Artaud  
Louis-Ferdinand Celine  
Arthur Schopenhauer

minor influences: phenomenologists

Vonnegut

Kafka  
Salinger  
Dostoevsky, Solzhenitsyn



Ø

Is it madness to write down what I think?

A psychiatrist "treating" me once told me, point blank, that all my writing was meaningless if it didn't serve some kind of purpose.  
She was from Israel.

Who is to be the one to decide whether a thought is worth writing down?

I don't like to be observed. Is this true?  
I like to hide. Writing is an excuse to do nothing, you see? Writing about writing, books about books, literary theory... What I isn't useless? The automobile engine, tires, raising chickens, herding cattle to the slaughterhouse, driving an 18 wheeler or just a regular truck.

Who hauls the books?

Who builds the bookstores?

Who lays the highways?

Who works at the factories that turn lumber into notebooks for "writers" and poets to "scribble" their profound thoughts?

Nevermind about all that. Just lie down and read a book until you fall asleep. Forget about all the gargantuan apparatus keeping this going. Ride it until the wheels fall off. When push comes to shove, build a debris hut in the bush. How to make fire?



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How to make fire? Who cares? All you have to do is die. Don't worry about the "survivalists" and all these "sacred" skills: just be prepared to be devoured by the Abyss. Overcome the will-to-live.

All problems are solved by Denial-of-the-will-to-live.

"psychography" is a term for "automatic writing".

Words arising from a subconscious force.

Hypergraphia - compulsive, detailed writing, sometimes with literary creativity... keeping diaries of everyday activities, poetry, lists...

Some studies have suggested that hypergraphia is related to BIPOLAR DISORDER, HYPOMANIA, and SCHIZOPHRENIA.

Vincent van Gogh and Fyodor Dostoevsky are reported to have been affected by hypergraphia.

[graphomania, scribomania]

Could these terms be a way to attack what our contemporaries see as degenerative art? We are all writers!

There we have it. If Dostoevsky was affected by hypergraphia, there must be a way for me to channel this ~~obsessive~~ compulsive scribbling.



into a creative "work". Ideas, ideas, ideas.  
Keep scribbling. The nature of thought is chaotic.

In H108-20080104-20080116 page 160:  
"I'm in too deep, been doing this way too long.  
This apeman is a scribbler."

It's easy to understand why there is an epidemic of drug-related madness. ~~It~~ This is how masses of individuals face the abyss. They seek oblivion. If reading dark literature and writing redundant notes and napping and smoking tobacco is how I "get through each day," well, it beats heroine and cocaine induced cycles of euphoria and bitter misery.

Something magical is occurring from my total isolation. I don't miss anyone anymore. This is not just my life. I face the malignant uselessness of existence, shunning the mantra to "do something" or "be somebody" - choosing instead to find contentment in BEING NOBODY, realizing that all are nobodies.

Even getting through the days, the weeks, the months without herb, while I sure would enjoy the relief, is easier having detached from "society."



"The break between us and the world is well established. We speak not to be ~~understand~~ understood, but to our inner selves." ~ Antonin Artaud

Have I reached a point in my life where I am able to see clearly that I have ~~been~~ speaking and writing to my inner self all along?

Wouldn't that flip the script on literature?

No editor necessary. No literary critics ~~or editors~~ or publishers... No audience or cult following...

It's me and you, Mike... if that's what your name is... It is I who am with you always, right here within the so-called Imagination.

"Be still, and know that I am..."

In a world of television, film, Youtube, music videos, professional spectator sports, and celebrity politicians, a grand hallucination bombarding us through airwaves and wires, ~~when~~ <sup>and</sup> to witness how many dupes feed into it!

The Roman Catholic Church canonizes ex-popes as "saints." Supreme bullshit.

Photo shoots of US troops joining Nato forces against Russia over conflict in the Ukraine. Theater: World War 3. I wonder what is real. I wonder how far gone the masses are. My focus is now on seeing clearly, and to ~~spare no~~ hold nothing back when confronting mass systematic stupidity.



{ 9 }

## THE ANTI-HERO PROTAGONIST

I'm ready to come of age as a writer. With the life I've lived and the day-to-day reality I live, my own living animal body is the ideal of anti-hero protagonist, a dead beat bachelor with no children, who is a self-proclaimed disciple of Emil Cigron and a life-long student of Arthur Schopenhauer.

Do I feel ashamed of being such a bookworm?  
No. Literature is my drug. I get drunk on dark satire and nihilistic philosophy.

Do I feel like a scoundrel for snapping entire weeks away? Not really.  
When there is a heroine epidemic, how great it is to be able to sink into such a detached state!  
To be shiftless and lazy is a great blessing and a virtue!

Ø

### BE A RENTER

He is wise who does not own a house. The less one owns, the less one has to lose. Besides, if you own a house, well, think about it, you pay taxes, you have a mortgage, you probably have to have a job with good pay. You become enslaved. Now, primitive man didn't have to worry about these things.



How can anyone express or even know how they truly think and feel when intimidated by the scrutiny of the mob? Is it best to keep our real thoughts to ourselves?

Note: The first morning I have a telephone "on-line", the first call is a bill collector. A robot calls, then asks me to "Please hold." I hang up.

Can we consider the reading of books as "doing something"? If one were a prisoner, one could "get a job" to pass the time or one could refuse to succumb to this compulsion. One could develop a ritual of writing, some exercise, and much reading (and sleeping).

Now, when one is not in prison, one may feel pressured to "do something purposeful with their life".

When faced with this kind of "slave morality", there is not much support for shameless shiftlessness, but there is one ~~modern~~ published writer, Emil Cioran, who confidently shuns the mantra "Get a job, you free-loader."

Cioran would rather die than to get a job, not because he is a lazy scoundrel, but simply because of his intense awareness. In this era where it is so easy to publish one's writings as a blog on the Internet, returning to writing one's thoughts in a secret diary becomes most radical.



## THE BLACKEST OF THE BLACK

1991 marks the year that I went on a literary rampage collecting the works of Schopenhauer, Kant, and Nietzsche, the year I read Bufo's AA: Cult or Cure? and rebelled against Alcoholics Anonymous.

By 1993 or so, I collected the works of Cioran - all this before my "downfall" at age 30 (1997). After losing my <sup>2009</sup> entire library, I managed to salvage Schopenhauer, Cioran, Nietzsche and phenomenologists Husserl and Merleau-Ponty, and now, at age 47 (2014) I find myself collecting books again, discovering Kraus, Ligotti, Poe, and Lovecraft.

Now I collect the works of Louis-Ferdinand Céline, the blackest of the black humor. In Castle to Castle, which just arrived today, as in all his novels, Céline hates everybody, regardless of race, creed or color. If anyone is singled out, it is his publishers, whose limousines, he says, grow even longer, while their authors, in rage, cling behind like pitiful hitchhikers.

At this point I do not race through...



while "I" wandered aimlessly around certain lakes for the first time since being here - in the strong winds whirling and meditating and waddling stick. I to hold booty load for, { the mother took I incoming calls from Section 8 threats }



Ø

Right at the start of Castle to Castle at the bottom of page 1, the protagonist makes a controversial observation.

"... the men bat out laws, the ladies attend to the serious business; public opinion or a medical ~~prof~~ practice is made by the ladies... you haven't got them behind you? ... go drown yourself... the ladies in your neighborhood are feeble minded, they're blithering idiots? perfect! The stupider, & the more bigoted, the more chronically assinine they are, the better they rule!"

How politically incorrect.

Ø

I am counting on getting my security deposit back from Victoria Gardens soon. It is time to seek an apartment aggressively. Red Bank? Asbury Park? Howell? We'll see. Wherever I do go, and I have to find a place somewhere, even if it's in Asbury Park, I am trying to make a breakthrough of some kind.

Maybe some of Céline's dark satire and style will seep into my subconscious so that I might be able to write the way I talk.

©

2014, 04, 30 Wednesday Dream recall - in some kind of school...  
Basically the dream reminds me that regardless of the environment, I am a deep thinker.





Some dark inspiration from Céline, from page 11  
of Castle to Castle:

« Besides, toting my own garbage cans doesn't help my reputation. Many people have stopped calling me "Doctor" ... just plain old "Monsieur" ... pretty soon they'll be calling me "you old f---!" I'm prepared, I ... a doctor without a maid, without a housekeeper, without a car, who hauls his own garbage ... and to top it off writes books ... and who's been in prison ... just think it over ... »

And in the meantime, while you're thinking it over, if you'd buy one or two of my books, it would be a help.

Never mind about that ... what really burns me with hatred ... especially on this road! ... is the cars! ... they never stop! there you can see a real madness ... the rush to Versailles! the charge of the motorcars ... weekdays! Sundays ... as if gasoline were free ... one-seaters ... three-seaters ... six-seaters! ... all jam-packed, so help me! ... where are they all going? ... to eat, to drink, I and I wife! ... more, more! ... Businessmen's lunches



... munch, munch... business trips... biz,  
biz... business belches, wrp, wrp,  
it's pitiful... >>>

Rain pouring down with cold wind... what a  
cold Spring it has been so far... the only  
thing keeping me dry - refuge in my  
mother's domicile. The best  
thing to do: go back to sleep!  
There will be plenty of opportunities  
to read Cioran and Céline later. I've  
read enough to last a lifetime. Life has  
taught me not to want it...  
sleep - a taste of death, so sweet.

Rolling with the punches, like Van Gogh,  
identify with the downtrodden, those  
on government relief, the shiftless,  
the underclass, the unemployed,  
the overeducated, the intellectual anarchist.

Now, with a dark and gloomy worldview,  
I am better able to endure days of  
doing nothing, drifting through life like a  
stranger. I focused on basic survival  
and obscure literature. I want no part  
of groups... embrace the void,  
laugh at the abyss!

I've never been a soldier in a war, so  
what! Life is not a contest to see  
who has suffered most!



## DISCONNECTED

In this age of cell phones with contact lists, email accounts with contact lists, and social networking sites with friends and followers, how much more opportunities we have for acknowledging just how alone each of us is.

I am amazed with how few people I have bothered to "stay in touch with".

Life's lessons... I'm even more amazed with how few women I've known.

At least, at this point in my life, the age of the Steppenwolf, approaching 50, I do not have any delusions left. I am comfortable with my status as a recluse, a philosophical madman, a scribbler.

Some people join support groups and collect phone numbers. Others join social networks, dating services. Not me. I see entire industries, starting with the entertainment industry, preying upon people's social anxieties and fears that they are missing out on something.



## I AM NOT KAFKA

First of all, I am unpublished. I'm not even a novelist. Actually, I am this generation's Hentrich. Is today a day for typing up some notes at Sticks & Bones?

I received another book by Céline (Dr. Destouches) in the mail this morning: RIGADOON. In the introduction by Kurt Vonnegut Jr., he confesses to not having read Céline until he was well into his forties - Journey to the End of the Night. It inspired him to write Slaughterhouse-5. Vonnegut suggests reading Céline's novels (autobiographical) in the order they were written.

As I read Journey to the End of the Night back in Ashbury Park 2010, age 43, I guess I'll continue reading Death on the Installment Plan.

Bukowski was also influenced by Céline. Céline's inventive style and black humor profoundly influenced many writers, including Kurt Vonnegut, Jack Kerouac, William S. Burroughs, Allen Ginsberg, and Charles Bukowski.

While Bukowski was a poet, he also wrote a couple autobiographical novels based on his own life, as did Céline. Bukowski wrote Postoffice when he was around 50, after which he quit working for the postal service.

My reading Death on the Installment Plan, Castle to Castle and Rigadoon, in that order, four years after reading Journey to the End of the Night, may motivate me to develop my own style of writing (at age 47).



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Vonnegut, Céline, and Salinger were all soldiers in wars.  
Céline... wrote about fucking and sucking and jerking off.  
I am not Kafka. I am not Louis-Ferdinand Céline. I am not Salinger. I am not Vonnegut. I am certainly not Bukowski or ~~Kos~~ Camus.  
I am definitely not Schopenhauer.  
I am not Emile Cioran.

Who am I?

I am one who hates television, except for cartoons.  
I hate advertisements and automobiles. I don't have a profession or a career or a job.  
I live on the dole. I am more like fictional characters Martin Dean (Toliz), Ignatius Reilly (Toole), Henry Fool, and even Raskolnikov (Dostoevsky).

I am the former student, former maintenance man.  
I used to play around with programming and higher mathematics. I seem to have lost interest. Now I am more stimulated by literature... dark satire.

Can I find humor in being a writer with nothing to write about except for the basic existential predicament? No war. No delicious sex scenes. No romance. No guns. No cars. No planes. No publishers.



off. to where in this writing going? I feel like I am ready to make some kind of a break through, where I want to tell ~~me~~ a story. Not my life story. I did that with "Mad Manifesto 1 & 2". What now? Now I go insane? Now our species goes extinct in great epidemics of madness?

I live freely and sometimes have periods where I drink to excess. Charles Baudelaire died of a stroke at age 45 in the arms of his beloved mother.

I am not Charles Baudelaire.

I wonder if I am a nihilist.

Will our species go extinct soon?

If so, it is absurd and ridiculous to write as though I will be read by high school students 100 years from now?

Why not write to the non-existent future?

I could refer to "manifesto 1 & 2" as my "life story".

Look, I already wrote my life story on the Internet at [xhentric.wordpress.com](http://xhentric.wordpress.com).

Now I just want to rant and rave, to work on my style... to imagine an audience.



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The Ego Tunnel: The Science of the Mind and the Myth of the Self

I am like Charles Dexter Ward, a fictional character in a Lovecraft tale. I scan for obscure literature. There is a prohibitive price to some of the most scholarly works.

example: From Big Brother to Big Brother:  
Nihilism and Literature in America, Britain, France,  
and Australia in the Age of Screens \$55.

The Dark Side: Thoughts On the Futility of Life  
from Ancient Greeks to the Present  
by Alan R. Pratt \$74.00

(I had given a copy of this book to my cousin Eric  
way back around 1995)

Even on AMAZON, \$200 NEW, \$74 used.  
What the fuck! And I gave the book as a gift!

What about Thomas Metzinger, the German philosopher  
who proposes that there is no self, just  
← a phenomenal self which is a process?

Ever since I stopped drinking alcohol on a regular  
basis, I began collecting obscure texts.

If the phenomenal self is a process, then whether or  
not "I" am drunk or not has a huge  
impact on "WHO I AM"! Which is more real?

(AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL ANTI-NOVEL) → Myth of Man?



2014.05.02 Friday Metzinger's Paradox: "You cannot know what you really are because then you would know there is nothing to know and nothing to know it."

Conscious subjectivity is the case in which a single organism has learned to enslave itself.

We are not what we think we are.

Edgar Allan Poe wrote: "All that we see or seem is but a dream within a dream."

Metzinger: "Evolution is not something to be glorified."

Just reading that statement is kind of a relief. I mean, now panic and anxiety seem a more healthy response than stupid serenity.

Biological evolution is a process that has created an expanding ocean of suffering and confusion where there previously was none.

It is not a "waste of time" to try to truly understand what is actually going on here.

Intellectual honesty must lead to ontological despair.

I do a quick rereading of Ligotti's ACATHR (2011).

Joshua  
Foa Dienstag

Miguel  
de Unzueta

Herman  
J. Tennessen